A Piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Prophesie.

By *William Terilo.*

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To the Reader.

Entle Reader, is ſuch a ſtale title to put vpon you, that not knowing your diſpoſition to this ſame vniuerſal gentlenes, and perhaps at this time, ſo ful of melancholy, as maks you vnfit for any ſuch kindnes: I had rather ſay, you that read, if you haue ſo much idle time to paſſe away, as may be ſomewhat better then loſt, in peruſing this change, or rather dreame of the change of times, I pray you for this time to haue patience, and if an other time in this you take pleaſure, I will as I can take a time to run a better courſe to your contentment. *Friar Bacons* Brazen head, was ſaid (in Ieſt) to haue ſpoken of three times: *The time was,*

The Time is, and Time shall be: Now for my selfe, I cannot goe so farre: what was, at least of late, *I* haue a litle read, heard, and vnderstood: of the time preset I only dreamed: but of what s to come, *I* can say nothing: and therefore making no Chronicle of the first, and onely shewing my dreame of the second, I will make no Prophesie of the third, but leaue all to Gods pleasure: and so, leauing you to iudge of all times as you haue reason; *I* take my leaue of you at this time: but rest at all times.

Your friend as I find cause and time,

William Terilo.

A piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Prophesie.

Time was, Time is.

WHen I was but a Boye
And plaide with little Girles:
And more esteem'd a toye
Then pretious stones, or Pearles,
Then Natures loue, that knew no pride,
With litle would be satisfide.

Then friends would not fall out,
But soone fall in againe:
When none would goe about
To laie a wicked traine:
But kindnesse was in such request,
That malice knew not where to rest.

Content was then a king,
Although he ware no Crowne:
And twas a wondrous thing
Would make a Mayden frowne,
When twas no litle grace to Nature
For to be call'd a gentle Creature.

The Milke-maydes paile was sweete,
The Shepheards Cloake was cleane:
And when their Loues did meete,
They did no falshood meane.
While Truth did in their passions try,
There could not passe a thought awry.

Then obseruation found
The passage of those partes:
Where Reason laide the ground
Of all Experience Artes.
While Loue was rulde by Grace,
To seeke his spirits resting place.

Then

Then praise grew of desert,
Desert of true conceit:
Whose tongue was in the hart,
That could not hide deceit.
But he or she, was held a fiend,
That would be false vnto a friend.

Then Shepheards knew the times
And seasons of the yeare:
And made their honest Rimes,
In mirth, and merry cheare.
And *Sim* and *Su*, would kindly kisse,
When nothing could be ment amisse.

Then Sheepes eyes were not watcht,
That Lambes did waking keepe:
And when the Hen had hatcht,
The Chickens might goe peepe.
When snares were set, both day & night,
To hang the Buzzard, and the Kite.

The Henne, the Goose, the Ducke,
Might cackle, creake, and quacke:
When not an Owle would plucke
A feather from her backe:
Except she crowed, or would not laie,
Then roast her on a holy day.

The Butchers then would keepe
Their flesh from blowing Flies:
And Maidens would not sleepe,
But in the morning rise,
And hunt a Flea so in the bed,
He knew not where to hide his head.

Then neither Wolfe nor Foxe,
But that did feare the Hound:
Nor greatest headed Oxe
But to the yoake was bound:
Nor drawing Tit, but knew who there,
Nor Asse, but did his burthen beare.

Then Oates were knowne from Rie,
And Barley from the Wheate:
A Cheese-Cake and a Pie,
Were held good country meate.
When Ale and Spice, and Curdes, and Creame,
Would make a Scholler make a Theame.

And then when wooers met,
It was a sport to see
How soone the match was set,
How well they did agree:
When that the Father gaue the childe,
And then the mother sat and smilde.

Delaies were then like death
To any kinde desire:
When no man spent his breath
To be no whit the nigher.
But Truth & Trust so deerly loued,
That what th'one did, th'other proued.

Then Cocke a doodle doo,
The houre's diuided right:
And olde to whit to whoo
Did watch the winter night.
And in the Springs the Nightingale
Did tell the woods a merry Tale.

Then Beetels could not liue
Vpon the hony Bees:
But they the Drones would driue
Vnto the doted Trees.
When he that wrought not till he sweate,
VVas held vnworthy of his meate.

Then were no pitfalls made
But in the frost and snowe:
Nor VVoodcocks in the glade
Could by the Springes goe.
And not a Bird that bare a winge,
But that would stoope vnto his winge.

Then

Then Russet cloth and Frize
Did walke the world about:
And no man would despise
The inside for the out:
But he that paide for what he spent,
VVas welcome where so ere he went.

Then were there no deuises
To draw on fond desires:
But Chapmen knew the prices,
The sellers and the buyers:
And simple Truthe no cunning vsde,
How simple Trust might be abusde.

The Markets then were seru'd,
VVith good sufficient ware:
And Cattell were not staru'de
VVhen *Mowcher* and his Mare
VVould bring in such a sacke of Rie,
As tried the Millers honestie.

Then

Then *Iohn*, and *Ioane*, and *Madge*,
Were call'd the merry Crew:
That with no drinke could sadge,
But where the fat they knew.
And though they knew who brew'd the Ale,
Yet must it stand till it were stale.

Then was good fellowship
Almost in euery house:
She would not hang the lip,
He would not knit the browes:
But he would smirke, and she would smile,
That all the house would laugh the while.

Then Handkerchers were wrought,
With names, and true loues knots:
And not a wench was taught
A false stitch in her spots.
When Roses in the Gardaines grew,
And not in Ribons, on a shoe.

Then

Then painting only seru'de,
For Paper, Wood, and Cloth:
When health was most preseru'de,
By labour, not by sloth.
When fewe that did of Phisicke heare,
But they were striken with a feare.

Then he that heard of warre
Was in a wofull case:
Except it were so farre
He could not feare the place.
When Peace and Plentie were so sweete,
As trode all Fortunes vnder feete.

The Taber and the Pipe,
The Bagpipe and the Crowde:
When Oates and Rye were ripe,
Began to be alowde.
But till the Harvest all was in,
The Moris Daunce did not begin.

A Citie from a Towne,
Then by his wall was seene:
And none did weare a Crowne,
But either King, or Queene:
And euer vpon Easter day,
All *Iack a Lents* were cast away.

Then Cloakes were for the raine,
And Feathers but for beddes:
Sheepes Russet would not staine,
There were no greenes nor reddes:
Carnation, Crimson, yealow, blew,
Plaine people no such colours knew.

The Horse, the Cowe, the Hogge,
Were kept for worke and wealth:
The Pus-Cat and the Dogge,
For safegard from the stealth:
Of Rats & Mise, and Wolfe, and Foxe,
When fewe had keyes vnto their lockes.

Then

Then Owles nor Night Rauens were,
No tellers of ill happes:
When Faith had neuer feare
Of any Thunder-clappes:
But looke what weather euer came,
Was welcome in Gods holy name.

Then Monkies, Baboones, Apes,
And such il-fauour'd Creatures,
Of such straunge fashion'd shapes
Were hatefull to our natures:
When who heard tell but of a Beare,
But he could scarcely sleepe for feare.

No Parat, Pie, nor Dawe,
Was idely taught to prate:
Nor scarce a man of Lawe
Was knowne in all the state.
While neighbors so like friends agreede,
That one supplide an others neede.

The shepheard kept his sheepe,
The Goat-heard kept his heard:
And in the Sunne would sleepe,
When were no Vermin fear'd;
For euery Curre would barke or bite,
To put the wicked Foxe to flight.

And then a good grey Frocke,
A Kercheffe, and a Raile:
A faire white flaxen Smocke,
A Hose with a good waile.
A good strong leatherd winter shoe,
Was well Iwis, and better too.

Then Iwis, well, goe too,
Were words of no small worth:
When folkes knew what to doo
To bring their meanings forth.
And winke, and nod, and hem, & humme,
Could bring my finger to my thumbe.

No

No cutting of a Carde,
Nor cogging of a Dye:
But it was wholy barde
All honest company:
And faire square plaie with yea and naie,
Who lost the game would quickly paie.

No matches then were set
For yonger brothers landes:
Nor Vsurers could get
Mens goods into their handes:
But such as had their wittes awake,
Could smell a Knaue before he spake.

And hardly in a yeere
A man should meete a Thiefe:
When Corne was nere so deere,
But poore folkes had reliefe:
And wickednes was loath'd so much,
That no man lou'd the tickle tuch.

Then loue went not by lookes,
VVherein laie venim hid:
Nor words were Angle-hookes,
VVhen men knew what they did.
But honest hearts, and modest eies,
Did make the Louers paradise.

But now that world is changde,
And time doth alter Creatures:
VVhose spirits are estrang'de
From their owne proper natures:
VVhile wofull eyes may weepe, to see
How all things are, and what they bee.

Now euery idle Boye
That sells his land for Pearles:
Fsteemes his wealth a toye,
To giue to idle girles:
VVhile graceless loue, in Natures pride,
VVith sinne is neuer satisfide.

Now

Now friends do oft fall out,
But seelde fall in againe:
VVhile many goe about
To laie a wicked traine:
VVhere malice is so in request,
That kindnes knowes not where to rest.

Content is now vnknowne,
In either King or Clowne:
A sight too common showne,
To see a Mayden frowne:
VVhen she is held a foolish Creature,
That shewes to be of gentle Nature.

The Milke-maydes Paile is sowre,
The Shepheards Cloake vncleane:
VVhere Loue hath not the power
To finde what fancies meane:
VVhile Faith doth so much falshood proue,
That many lye, which say they loue.

Now

Now obſeruation findes
By all Experience Artes:
How Machauilian mindes
Do plaie the diuels partes:
VVhile loue (alas) hath little grace
In worſhipping a wicked face.

Now praiſe muſt follow pride,
And Flattery wayt on wealth:
And tongues to ſilence tide,
Except it be by ſtealth:
While he or ſhe that cannot faine,
Muſt die a friends-ſhips foole in graine.

The ſeaſons of the yeere
The Shepheards do not know:
VVhile mirth and merry cheere
To griefe and ſorrow grow:
VVhile if a couple kindly kiſſe,
The third thinkes ſomewhat is amiſſe.

Now

Now sheepes-eies are so watcht,
That Lambes can hardly sleepe:
For when the Henne hath hatcht,
Ere well the Chicken peepe:
The Buzzard and the Kite so pray,
That halfe the Brood is stolne away.

No Butcher now can keepe
His flesh from blowing flies:
And Maydes will lie and sleepe,
That doe not loue to rise:
While euery bedde so swarmes with fleas,
I wonder how they lie at ease.

How neither Wolfe nor Foxe,
But can beguile the Hound:
Nor gallant headed Oxe,
Will to a yoake be bound:
Nor drawing Tit, but skornd who there,
Nor Asse, that will his burthen beare.

Wheate, Barly, Oates, and Rie,
So like are in the blade:
That many a simple eye,
May Soone a foole be made:
While Curdes, and Creame, and Ale, and (Spice,
Will bring out but a poore deuice.

Now Cockes dare scarcely Crow,
For feare the Foxe doe heare:
Nor shriche-Owle but will show,
That Winter time is neare:
And *Philomens* amid the spring,
So feares the worme, shee cannot sing.

And now when Louers meete,
It is a griefe to see:
How heauily they greete,
And how they disagree:
While that the fathers eies are blinde,
And that the mother is vnkinde.

Delaies to neere disdaine,
Doe feede vpon desire:
And breath is spent in vaine,
Where hopes are nere the nigher:
While Truth and Trust haue too much
They hardly find wher to be loued (proued

Now humble Bees can liue
Vpon the hony Bees:
That not a Drone dare driue,
Vnto the doted trees:
While he that workes not for his meate,
VVill liue vpon anothers sweate.

Now pitfalls are so made,
That small birdes cannot know them:
No VVoodcockes in a Glade,
But Netts can ouerthrow them:
And not a paltry carrion Kite,
But braues a Faulcon in his flight.

Now veluet, cloth of gold,
And silkes of highest price:
Doth make the good free-holde,
Chaung title with a trice:
While he that spends and will not pay,
Is welcome, when he is away.

Now wordes of strange deuises,
Doe cheate vpon desires:
While cunning sellers prices,
Doe cosen simple buiers:
While truth is all so sildome vsed,
That honest trust is much abused.

The markets now are saru'de
With much vnsauery ware:
And cattell often staru'de,
When that the Millers Mare
Can scarcely bring a sacke of Rie,
That one may be a sauer by.

Now

Now *Iohn* and *Ioane*, and *Madge*,
Can make no merry Crue:
The baily with his badge,
So braues it in his blue:
None dare discharge a Carier,
For feare of maister officier.

And now from euery house
Good fellowship is gone:
And scarce a silly mouse,
Findes crummes to feede vpon: (champe,
While, lowre, and poute, and chafe and
Brings all the household in a dampe.

Now clockes are for the Sunne,
And feathers for the winde:
Sheepes Russet to home spunne,
While a fantasticke minde
Must haue a colour strange and rare,
To make a mad man stand and stare.

The Horse, the Cowe, the Hogge,
Are chiefely kept for breed:
The Puscat, and the Dogge,
To keepe the plough-mans feede:
VVhile not a locke but hath a kay:
For feare the Cupboord runne away.

Now Owles and night-Rauens are
Ill fortunes prophecies:
VVhen faithlesse spirits stare,
If any storme arise:
And if the weather be not faire,
VVhy fooles are almost in dispaire.

Now Monkies, Baboones, Apes,
Are taught to pranke and prance:
VVhile many a Wizard gape,
To see a monster dance:
And not a woman that will feare,
To see the baiting of a Beare.

Now Parats, Pies and Dawes,
Are finely taught to prate:
And worldes of men of lawe,
Are needfull in the state:
Where Neighbours liue so vnlike friends,
That men would iudge them to be fiends.

And now a Satten gowne,
A petticoate of silke:
A fine wrought bugle Crowne,
A Smocke as white as milke:
A colour'de hose, a pincked shooe,
VVill scarcely make a Tit come too.

Now as God Iudge my soule,
Besides my faith, and troth:
On euery wassell bowle,
Is thought a simple Oth:
VVhile stampe and stare, and clapping (handes,
Will scarce make vp a beggers bandes.

Now

Now Sempsters few are taught,
The true sticht in their spots:
And names are sildome wrought,
Within the true loues knots:
And Ribon Roses take such place,
That Garden Roses want their grace.

Now painting serues for faces,
To make the fowle seeme faire:
And health in many places,
Must not abide the Aire:
And few that haue bene bit with fleas,
But runne to phisicke for their ease.

Now warre makes many rich,
That else had bene but poore:
And makes a souldiour itch,
Till he haue scratcht a Boore:
For peace and plenty breed such pride,
As poore mens fortunes cannot bide.

The

The Taber and the Pipe,
Are now out of request:
And ere the Rie be ripe,
The bird will leaue the nest:
And Moris dances doe begin,
Before the harueſt halfe be in.

Now many a Townes mud wall,
Doth put a Citty downe:
And Miſtreſſe Finicall,
Doth weare a Bugle Crowne:
And many a Raſcall Mall-content,
Will make his Eaſter day in Lent.

Now cogge and foiſt that liſt,
VVho will that wit gaine ſay,
That learnes fooles had I wiſt:
That will and cannot play,
While faire, and ſquare, and pitch, and pay:
The gamſter calls fooles holy-day.

Now worldes of Matches ſet,
For elder brothers landes:

And vsury doth get,
Great wealth into her hands:
While he that will not watch a knaue,
May bring a begger to his graue.

Now hardly in a day,
But one shall meete a thiefe:
Where wealth is hid away,
And poore haue no reliefe:
And wickednes is vsde so much,
As who but loues the tickle tuch,

Now loue goes so by lookes,
Men know not what they doo:
And wordes are poisned hookes,
That catch, and kill men too:
While wicked hartes and wanton eies
Make hell in steed of paradice.

Now surely thus it is,
It is a wonderfull change:
Where all goes so amisse,
Or else my dreame is strange:

That shew'de me such a world of wo,
But God forbid it should be so.

For dreames are idle things,
And surely so is this:
For true apparance brings,
No proofe of such amisse:
But euery thing in such good course,
As God forbid it should be worse.

For Louers must be kinde,
And Neighbours must be friends;
And when the folkes haue dinde,
Set vp the puddings ends:
For tis an ancient rule in truth,
That thriftines is good in youth.

Olde men must haue their saying,
And rich men must haue place;
Sutors must bide delaying,
And children must say grace:
And thieves must hang and knaues must (shift,
And silly fooles must haue the lift.

And Lawe must speake, Wit iudge,
Men liue vntill thy die:
And Snot must be a snudge,
And loue haue leaue to lie:
And wretches worke, and wantons play,
And who can holde that will away?

And wagges must sing, and dance,
And gamsters plot for gaine:
Who likes not of his chance,
Take by to helpe the maine:
For he that walkes without a head,
May quickly bring a foole to bed.

Women must haue their wills,
Though men would say them nay:
Some are such needfull ills,
They cannot be away:
And he that giues the humme a hemme,
VVill sometimes fall aboord with them.

The Horse must haue his hay,
The Dogge must haue a bone:

The Ducke must haue a Bay,
The Hawke must haue a stone:
And *Ihon* must not be kept from *Ioane*,
For Loue can neuer liue alone.

And therefore thus in briefe,
Let peace endure no strife:
Let no man offer griefe,
Vnto his neighbours wife:
Let faire play passe through euery hand,
And let him fall that cannot stand.

Let God be seru'd, obai'd,
The King both seru'd and lou'de:
Church honoured, duties paide,
Mallice from mindes remou'de:
And it may hap to come to passe,
To be as well as ere it was.

And blessed were the daies,
If so the world did goe:
That wit a thousand waies,
Might reasons comfort knowe.

Whil birds might sing, & men might speak,
And malice might no musicke breake.

That eyes might looke their fill,
VVords might be vncontrold:
And art might haue the skill,
To find the stone for gold:
And Iealous eyes might all be blinde,
That ouerlooke an honest minde.

That wealth should haue her grace,
In liberalitie:
And honour giue a place,
To euery qualitie:
VVhile panders, iesters, fooles, and knaues,
Might walke about like silly slaues.

A word might be a band,
VVhere needles were an Oth:
VVhile yea and nay might stand,
In steed of faith and troth:
And tuch, and take, and pitch, and pay,
Might driue all cunning tricks away.

A winke,

A winke, a nod, a ſmile,
Might ſhew the iudgement iuſt,
VVhere Truth could not beguile,
Her honeſt meaning Truſt:
But one in two, and two in one,
Might make the merry world alone.

That quarrels might not grow
Of ſwaggering, nor quaffing:
But who begins heigh ho!
Might ſet the houſe a laughing:
VVhen not a thought of villany
Might come in honeſt company.

And Goſſips might be merry
And tattle when they meete:
And cheekes as red as cherry,
Might ſhew the wine is ſweete:
VVhen Louers are in talke ſo ſad,
As if they were alreadie had.

Power ſhould be fearde for Grace,
And Lawe obeyd for loue:

And

And Vertue take her place,
In highest hopes behoue:
And Wisedome only honour God,
And so should sinne be ouertrod.

Nought should be scornde but Folly,
Nor in regard but Reason:
And nothing lou'de, but holy,
And nought in hate but Treason:
And nought but slaunder banged,
And nought but Murther hanged.

And then the world were well,
But when will it be so?
(Alas) I cannot tell,
And therefore let it goe:
And as God will, so let it bee,
It shall be as it list for mee.

Let euery man mend one,
And I will not be out:
And *Iohn* be good to *Ioane*,
Or else he is a Lout:
And *Peter* weaue, what *Parnell* spunne,
Good night *Iohn Line*, and I haue donne.

FINIS.